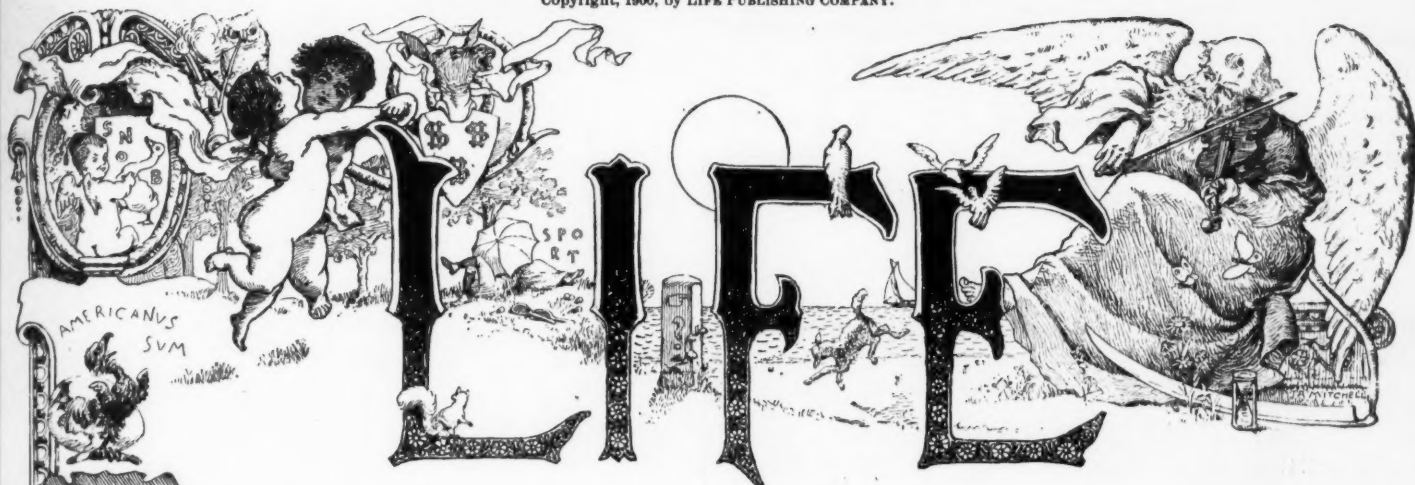


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•LIFE•

To April.

BLITHE, bonnie April, 'twere unkind
To place on thee the cap and bell.
Is there no other month wherein
The fool can masquerade as well?

The magic of thy smiles and tears
Has drawn from earth her fairest flowers;
Of these a garland we would weave
To crown thee through the happy hours.

No jesting fool's cap on thy head
Wish we. Oh, let us see thee yet
In thy coy beauty peeping out,
From crocus, and from violet.

Anna M. Fowler.

A Revelation.

CASTLETON: Young Gallidet is a nice fellow, but he hasn't much nerve.

MISS PINKERLY: I shouldn't think that of him. He looks strong and big.

"Oh, I didn't mean in that way. I was thinking about his timidity in making love."

"Is he afraid?"

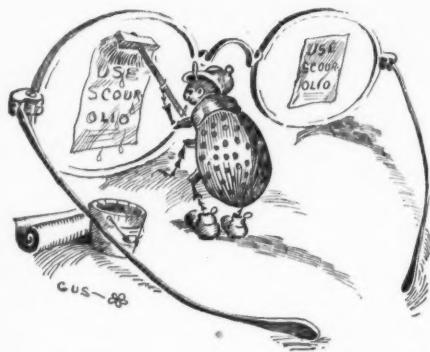
"Not only that, but he seems to be ignorant on the subject. He was going to call on a girl the other night when I ran across him, and said he felt sure he could kiss her, if he only knew how to go about it."

"What did you tell him?"

"Oh, I gave him some directions."

"How interesting! What were they?"

"I told him not to hurry too much—to take things easy. After a certain amount of necessary talk, he could draw



Bill Posters: SOME ONE WILL SEE THIS BILL, SURE.



SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.
TAURUS—APRIL.

up his chair and hold her hand for a while. Then, by gradual stages, but always, of course, in a masterful way—for girls like that—he could lead up to a plump, fair and square kiss "

"Do you mean to say you told him all that?"

"I did. Why shouldn't I?"

"Well, I hadn't the remotest idea that you knew anything about it."

A Logical Explanation.

FIRST GERMAN-AMERICAN: Vy is it mit de British und de Boers dot de British don't lick de Boers quicker?

SECOND GERMAN-AMERICAN: I tell you vy; because for hunderd und fifty years dose British ain't fought men mit pants on!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

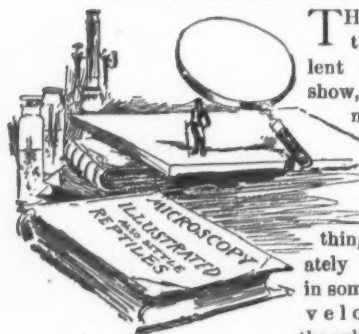
VOL. XXXV. APRIL 5, 1900. No. 907.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE disposition so prevalent of late to show, either by narrative or experiment, how Christ would do things is moderately interesting in some of its developments, though it seems unlikely to have important results. In theory the standards of conduct, purpose and law of most of the Western nations is based on the records of Christ's life and teachings. To each person, who, like Mr. Stead or Mr. Sheldon, tries to demonstrate explicitly what Christ would do under given circumstances, thousands at one time or another meditate and speculate on the probable effects of an effort to make a close application of Christian doctrines to the affairs of the contemporary world. The conduct of conspicuous men who profess fidelity to Christian standards is constantly under scrutiny of their fellows, who peer wonderingly at it through microscopes with gospel lenses. We wonder, not always uncharitably or unkindly, about such men as Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Wanamaker, who combine religious fervor with extraordinary zeal and talent for trade. We ask ourselves and each other if it is possible that the principles which govern the overwhelming thrift of these strenuous organizers can possibly be identified with those that brought Christ to the top of Calvary. We ask if the worthy, Bible-reading Kruger managed the affairs of

the Transvaal on Christian principles; if the great nation of Bible reading, missionary Britons in condemning Kruger's methods have proceeded as a Christian people should have done. We have even examined our own hearts and our own conduct and tried to measure by Christian standards our national aspirations and behavior in the Indies of the East and West.

It is mighty instructive to try to live up to one's notion of Christian ideals, and if one's notion of them is wrong, nothing is so likely to correct it as to put it into practice.



BUT one thing all persons who aspire to be practising Christians should avoid. Let them live up to their own Christian ideals if they can, but shun as they would hell-fire, the attempt to impose their rule of life and their ideals upon others. It is in that that human nature is historically weak. Someone gets good, according to his own notion. Immediately he perceives not only what himself but other folks should do, and next, unless the work of grace has really been uncommonly perfected in him, he assembles himself with laws, catechisms, prohibitions and thumb screws to compel his neighbors to be good in his particular way. That is what Christ did not do, but what Christians began to do soon after he left them, and have kept doing with zeal of varying urgency ever since. As the result of about eighteen centuries of observation the world has concluded that there is no despotism more intolerable than a religious despotism, even though it be one nominally based on Christian principles. All zealous, in their aversion to what they regard as sin, tend to desire the restriction of human liberty. Think what the world would be if it was governed by reformers! If the millennium comes in our day and the Founder of Christianity returns to rule the world, there will be exciting times, and it will pay us all to stay and await surprises and developments, and the solutions of vexed questions. Meanwhile, the demand for the sort of prohibition-millennium that Mr. Sheldon and his sympathizers would start is very limited.

Organized efforts to bring about Christian perfection by wholesale always

peter out. Humbler efforts to comprehend the Christian spirit and use it in the development of personal character are much more apt to be successful.



GIVE everybody, even the reformers, as fair a chance as the right of their fellows to the pursuit of happiness permits. It is by the free working of conflicting forces that the world's balance is kept and Earth kept fit to be a human habitation. It is one of the signs of high and happy civilization for reformers to have all the rope, and all the ink and paper they want, and a fair field in which to condemn, deplore, criticise, despair and exhort. As long as they don't get too much the upper hand, they do good. The more greedy and aggressive sinners might walk over us more impudently than they do if there were no reformers to sbrick at them. It is noted that the Empress of China has lately offered seventy thousand dollars for the capture of two Chinese reformers, dead or alive. This may be good business on the part of the Empress, but it attests conclusively the infirmity and iniquity of her government. It is a sign of the comparative beneficence of Mr. Croker's rule that he lets Dr. Parkhurst live; a sign of the wise moderation of the Major, that he has not chained up Mr. Edward Atkinson. The reformers—the Women's Christian Temperance Unions, the inaccurate Wilbur Crafts, the Societies for Prevention, the Bar Associations, the Christian Scientists, the suppressors of Sappho, and lots more—are so many signs of national health. All the better that there are so many of them, for they will keep reformatory eyes on one another.



IT is disconcerting to have another old and honored New York publishing house announce its pecuniary embarrassments. Have we failed in our duty to the publishers? Have we read too many newspapers and not books enough? The Messrs. Appleton, whose troubles we all regret, will credit us at least with due attention to their *David Harum*. Let us hope, by the way, that the orphaned children of the author of that amusing book are not going to lose their royalties.



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THE WATCHFUL EYE OF CAUTION.

"ISN'T YOUR MOTHER WORRIED BY CAPTAIN SHORTHOUSE'S ATTENTIONS TO YOU?"

"OH, NO; SINCE I GAVE JACK HIS FREEDOM AFTER THE HIDE-TRUST SLUMP, MAMMA SAYS I'M A REAL MOTHER TO MYSELF, AND NOW SHE NEVER WORRIES."

An April Fool Joke.

A FADED purse upon the pavement lay
To tempt my greed, but I was not
beguiled.

I passed it by, for this was All-Fools' Day.
I passed it by and noted, as I smiled,
That Jones, my stupid neighbor, followed
me.

I lingered near and was again a child.

I saw him stoop and, from behind my tree,
I shouted "April Fool!" and felt the thrills
Which, years ago, had marked my boyish
glee.

Ah, how the dimming eye with moisture
fills

As memory brings back that April day!
The purse was full of twenty-dollar bills,
And Neighbor Jones went smiling on
his way. W. B. H.



Tolstoy's Last Appeal for Altruism.

TO judge a story of Tolstoy's by the standards applied to current fiction is like measuring a mountain with a foot-rule; the mountain may be beautiful or ugly—but your foot-rule won't reveal which it is. His latest novel, "Resurrection" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a colossal work—but it is not a novel. Yet it is filled with chapters and scenes of consummate excellence judged simply as fiction. The most insignificant character cannot step, for a moment, into the pages without having the air of reality. He moves with the step of a man. Moreover, when Tolstoy chooses to create a situation it is dramatic. The moralist may try his best to conceal the great dramatic artist, but he can't do it. He may preach till you are weary, but on the turn of a page there is a flood of light on the stage and the drama moves impressively.

But it is as a seer, as an apostle for humanity that he writes. He is oppressed with the injustice of the world and he wants to point the way to deliverance before he dies. There can be no cap and bells, none of the graces of literature about a work with such a motive. From first to last there is not a gleam of humor in the story. There is plenty of grim irony, but there is not the hint of a smile in it.

WHAT Tolstoy wants to show in this novel is the "resurrection" of the spiritual life in a sensual Prince and a degraded woman. The first third of the book, showing the kind of man he was and the kind of woman she was, is frank to

the verge of coarseness. But there is never the one stroke too much that would make it cheap or vulgar. He is remorseless in his truth, and without sentiment.

First of all, Tolstoy would show how utterly helpless is human law and human government to set evil right. The fundamental error in the official punishment of evil lies in the fact that "men think that there are circumstances in which one may deal with human beings without love." "Why, let

yourself deal with a man without love, and there are no limits to the suffering you will bring on yourself." This part of the thesis is unfolded by a description of the processes of law in Russia, from the lowest court to the last appeal. It is clear and impressive, and a terrible arraignment of Russia, but it is woefully dull. It belongs in a treatise and not in a novel.

Simultaneously he shows the injustice of the laws of man in regard to property in land. Here Tolstoy follows Henry George with enthusiasm. His hero practically gives away his land on a nominal rental—and his spirit sees a great light! "He felt the joy of a traveller in discerning a new, unknown and beautiful world."

* * *

HE finds the remedy for all evil and injustice in the highest altruism. "We should forgive always an infinite number of times because there are no men who have not sinned themselves, and therefore none can punish or correct others." The only law that Tolstoy would have on the statute books of the world is the Sermon on the Mount; the only punishment would be the inevitable result in a man's own spirit of its violation.

The tremendous earnestness of this great writer in the novel—the last that he will ever write—lifts the whole book above the plane of amusement or aesthetic interest. It is a profound utterance from a great moral philosopher.

* * *

THE last book of that brilliant correspondent, G. W. Stevens, "From Capetown to Ladysmith" (Dodd, Mead &



"THE BOAR WILL USE US KINDLY."

Richard III. Act III. Second Scene.

Co.), shows that his fatal fever cut short what would have been the most vivid account of the war now in progress. Only two battles appear in this volume—Elands-laagte and Nicholson's Nek—but he makes you really see those fights. His mannerisms are often too evident in these letters, which were not revised by him. His crackling phrases become sometimes as tiresome as a rapid-fire gun. But he was a fascinating descriptive writer; one commentator puts it very well when he says, "In a scientific age his style may be described as cinematographic." Droch.

New Publications.

Imperialism and Liberty. By Morrison I. Swift. Los Angeles, Cal.: The Ronbrcke Press.

This is a rather labored book in which the author deals with the crime of Imperialism. He might have said the same thing with a small fraction of the words he has strung together.

Man and His Ancestor. A Study in Evolution. By Charles Morris. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A book of extraordinary interest. The author possesses in a high degree a power of graphic condensation and has handled his material with much skill.

Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co.

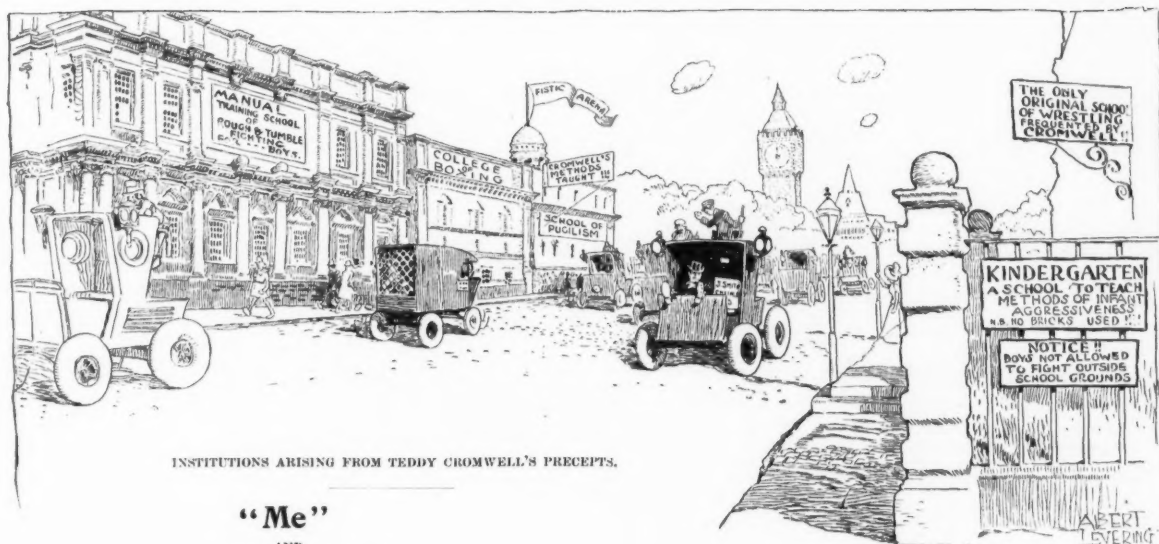
A handsome book, well illustrated, and to those who are fond of the author's style, it will not be a disappointment.

Fifty Corners. By Mrs. H. Dudeney. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

This is fairly good light reading.

The Fortune of War. By E. N. Barrow. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Another colonial historical revolutionary novel in which George Washington is prominent. Why can't they leave him alone!



INSTITUTIONS ARISING FROM TEDDY CROMWELL'S PRECEPTS.

"Me"

AND

OLIVER CROMWELL.

A Strenuous History. By Teddy Roseblast.

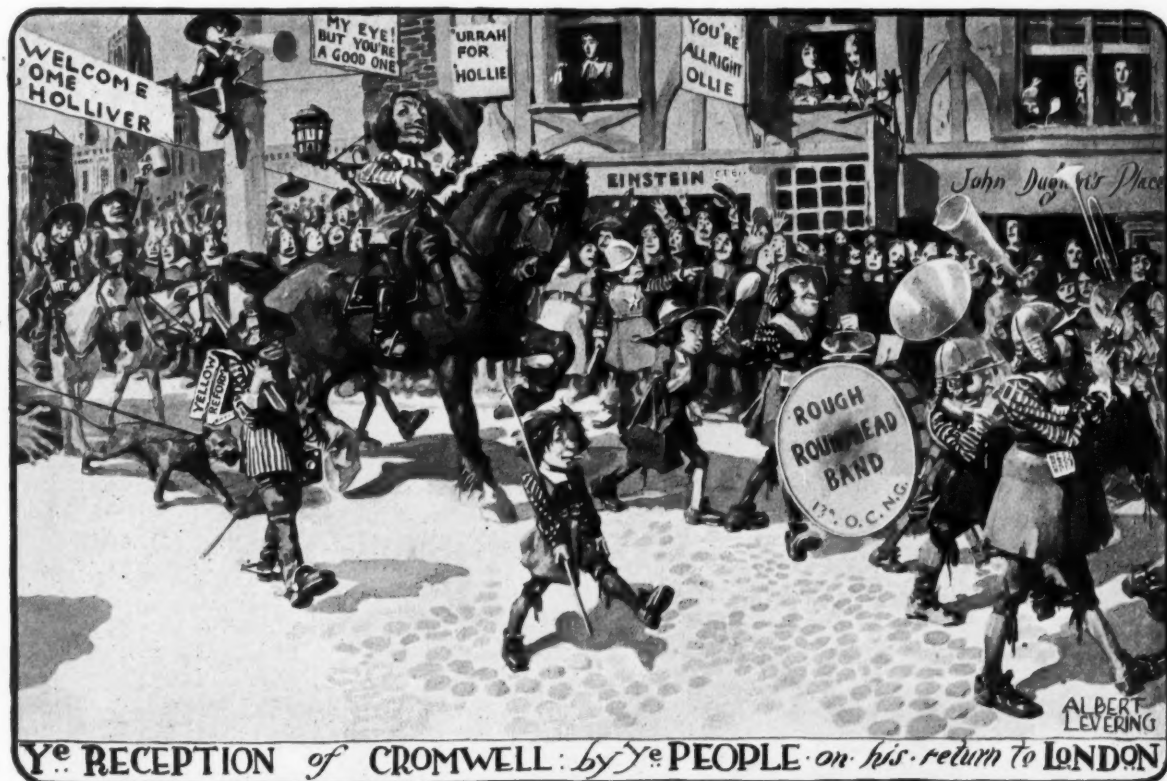
III.

THE most interesting part of this history is yet to come. Hitherto I have made some mention of Oliver, but I felt when I was doing it that it was in bad taste.

This installment is going to be all about myself.

The extraordinary efforts to write about others is even now filling the magazines with trash. Never again!

I made up my mind, when I slid down from the apex of San Juan Hill and slipped into the soft lap of Papa Platt, that



YE RECEPTION of CROMWELL: by YE PEOPLE on his return to LONDON

I wouldn't be Vice-President, and I took the bull by the horns right off by starting out to boom myself, and I've kept at it ever since.

Why, to be Vice-President, a man must have a tongue as quiet as high noon in Philadelphia. Whoever heard of any man talking himself into the Vice-Presidency? Think of a strenuous Vice-President!

And now, my hearers, let me say a word to you about the strenuous life. Mothers, draw near, and listen. It is not enough that your boys, as they grow up and learn to loaf and be impatient, should be simply strenuous. They should be strenuously strenuous. In other words, to fight for glory is one thing, but to learn how to reap your reward here on earth, where both the Republican party and the automatic syndicates doth corrupt, is another. This is where your Uncle Oliver and I know how to deal the cards. Do not fool yourself with the hoary proposition that "the path of glory leads but to the grave."

The path of glory, supplemented by the strenuous life and constant talking about yourself, may lead to the White House. Nay, it will, it will!

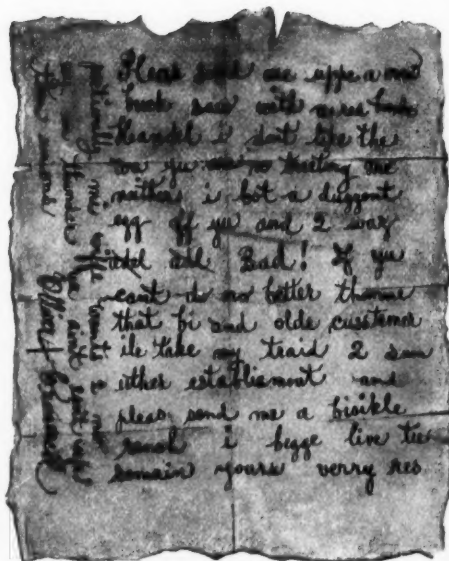
And now let me perorate. Since I have been making after-dinner speeches, and telling other people of the things I should hate to have offered me, I have learned to perorate to beat the band. Let me say to you that the Major is all right. Mark is all right. I happen to know from experience that Papa Platt is all right, but they are not all the cards in the deck.

I am the whole shooting match. I not only believe it myself, but it hurts me when others don't think the same thing. It rubs against the wheels, so to speak.

And I want to say that if



CROMWELL as A Rough Writer: at his memoirs:



SAMPLE OF TEDDY CROMWELL'S HANDWRITING.

the time should ever come—and it ought to come—when I am called up to the blackboard to rub out what is left of the good old Constitution, I shall expect to see every scholar in the school rise up and bless the name of Teddy the Great.

Tom Masson.

A Reasonable Affliction.

THE great Cromwell revival which has saddened a reluctant public during the past winter appears to be more coercive in its character than even the great Napoleon revival which preceded it. These things are understood to come in waves, like blizzards and influenza, and to engulf us whether we like them or not. We were fairly submerged by the Napoleonic flood a few years ago, and we are up to our chins in the Cromwellian billows now. The *Century Magazine* is giving promi-

nence to a graceful eulogy of the Protector by that indefatigable enthusiast, Mr. John Morley; and Governor Roosevelt is working up a similar apotheosis in *Scribner's*;—handling his subject in such an up-to-date fashion that we are a trifle uncertain as to whether Oliver distinguished himself most at Naseby, Vicksburg or Manila Bay.

Meanwhile England is excited, and to some purpose, over a statue of Cromwell which has been presented to London, but which London really doesn't want,—above all, doesn't want in the sacred precincts of Westminster, facing the great Abbey, "the shrine of Throne, Church and Constitution." Parliament, mindful of evil treatment at the Protector's hands, objects to the statue seriously. So does the unforgiving Establishment, which he snubbed. So do London citizens, who think they got along very comfortably without it. So do a great many Englishmen, who feel that the beatification of Charles and the exaltation of Oliver at one and the same time is not without its ludicrous aspect.

However, nothing is so hard to get rid of as a statue which nobody wants. It sits—a stone incubus—upon a law-abiding Saxon community. The clever French persuade a mob to pull it down, but Saxons have never learned the useful manipulation of a mob. We upon whom Cromwell is weighing somewhat heavily at present—though but in print—can sympathize with London in her perplexity.

Agnes Repplier.

THE *Evening Post* devotes much space in these days to reiterations and proofs that Governor Roosevelt agreed to reappoint Dr. Truman Backhus as trustee of an insane asylum on Long Island and didn't do it. It seems that the Governor intended to reappoint Dr. Backhus, and for some reason changed his mind. It is suspected that he made a mistake, and is aware of it; still, it does not seem to have been a vital mistake, nor one that proves him to be a scheming villain. To dwell so persistently on this one error, as the *Post* does, implies that good opportunities for finding serious fault with the Governor are rather scarce. Readers of the *Post* are in danger of suspecting that, except in that matter of Dr. Backhus where he slipped up, the Governor has been doing pretty well.

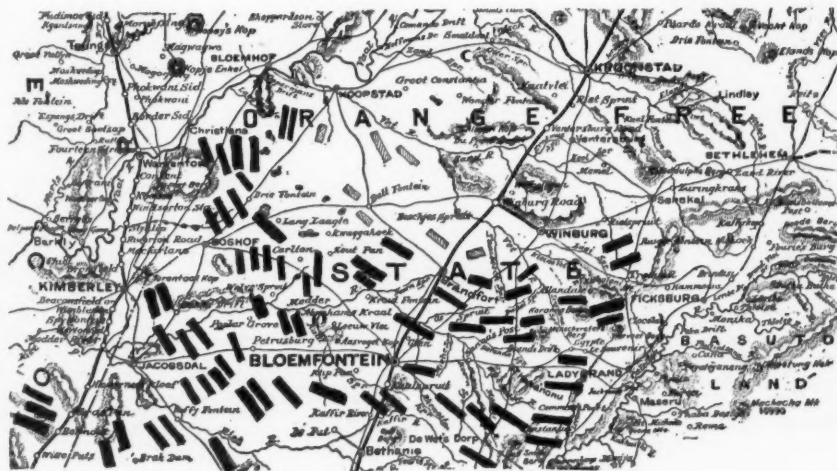
This Map.

THE black represents the English; the grey the Boers.

The Boers are only outnumbered about ten to one, but this is not so bad for the British as one might suppose, for they are constantly receiving reinforcements.

But plucky Old England is not discouraged. Give her a small enough country to fight with, and, by Jove!—she just sees it through.

It seems to be admitted in England that one Boer is more than a match for seven Britons. Ten Britons, however, are too many for him. This fact even the British Generals have been able to discover and now the campaign is worked on those lines. That is, on the same principle as a herd of bulls getting a small boy up a tree. The boy may have more brains than the bulls, but it is merely a question of time.





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AWFUL PRESENTMENT.

THE TRIPLETS FIND THEY ARE MARRIED TO THE

E.



WFUL PROMISEMENT.

THEY ARE ENGAGED TO THE SAME MAN.



THE BOX OFFICE BUZZARD TELLS HIM EVERYTHING IS SOLD OUT FOR THE ENTIRE RUN OF THE PIECE.

BUT TEN FEET FROM THE BOX OFFICE HE CAN BUY FROM A CARRION BUZZARD EMPLOYED BY THE MANAGEMENT A GOOD SEAT FOR ANY PERFORMANCE, AT A HIGHER PRICE.



With the Elves and Sprites of the Mountains.

WITH respect of Hauptmann's fantastic play, "The Sunken Bell," there are likely to be as many opinions as there are people who witness it. It will be cavil to most New Yorkers. Others will at least pretend to understand it. The physician will see at once that the play is meant simply to be a graphic description of the delirium that comes to a man who has received a severe injury in the head. The religionist will be equally sure that *Heinrich's* wanderings and sufferings depict the sin of straying from the beaten path to worship false gods. The moralist will be able to demonstrate that Hauptmann's allegory is meant to show that married men should be true to their wives, that they should not leave the straight and narrow way of domestic virtue, and that the wages of sin is death. They will all be more or less right, but the author has put a very pretty puzzle to his commentators, and the average New Yorker need not feel sadly humiliated if he cannot immediately settle in a satisfactory way just what the play means. If he will regard it simply as a fairy tale in dramatic and poetic form, and draw from it whatever moral best fits his own particular case, he will do all that could naturally be expected from him.

To produce such a mystical piece is a remarkable enterprise for Mr. E. H. Sothern. He is very little the hero in it and the character of *Heinrich* is not a prepossessing one. The claims of the play to popularity are most problematical, and the outlay for the very elaborate staging must have been considerable. For these reasons Mr. Sothern deserves high credit. It is a worthy effort in a serious direction and away from the trivial ambitions which seem to satisfy those of our actors who have the means to achieve good things. It is an encouragement for the literature

of the stage instead of a lure for the easy money of the matinee girl.

The work devolves almost entirely upon Mr. Sothern as the bell-founder who leaves his wife and children to consort with the uncanny creatures of the mountains, upon Virginia Harned as *Rautendelein*, the elfin maid, and Mr. Buckstone, as *The Nickelmann*, a damp, unpleasant gentleman who is in fact a water spirit and who only appears with his head and shoulders above the parapet of a well. No one of these gives all the value to all the lines in Mr. Meltzer's poetic translation of the play, but with this exception they give a most creditable performance of very difficult work. Virginia Harned is not fairy-like in proportions or temperament, but in spite of these disadvantages she makes *Rautendelein* a winsome creature for whom it seems quite plausible *Heinrich* should desert his mortal and commonplace wife. To the eccentric creation of *The Nickelmann*, Mr. Buckstone give a most intelligent interpretation. The part of *Heinrich* is a serious, almost a tragic, one, and in it Mr. Sothern rises to heights of earnestness of which we were beginning to doubt his possession. It is a fine rendering of the part and one of which he may be justly proud. The minor parts are adequately done and the scenic effects are excellent.

The characteristic music of Aimé Lachaume which accompanies the action is successful in that it adds to the illusion instead of detracting from it as such efforts frequently do.

New Yorkers may not like this play as it involves some mental effort to enjoy it. The fact remains that artistically it is a success and a credit to its producers.

MR. SAVAGE, of the Castle Square Opera Company, and Mr. Grau, of the Metropolitan, have joined hands to produce grand opera in English with all the resources of the Metropolitan. This is a good thing for the public because it will have an opportunity to hear English opera at its best, for Mr. Savage because it will enable him to realize his highest ambitions as a dispenser of good music, and for Mr. Grau because he may imbibe from Mr. Savage some improved ideas and methods in dealing with a generous public.



NOTHING but the general excellence of the company and the stage management at Daly's saves "An Interrupted Honeymoon" from being a dire and dreadful failure. Both resources could have been used to so much better advantage that it seems a pity to waste such good effort on such poor material. This is notably true in the cases of Mary Manning, Mr. Edward J. Morgan and Mr. John Mason. They all have ungrateful parts.

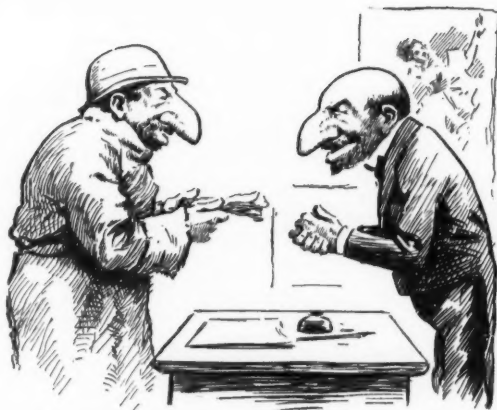
The play itself deals with the mistaking of a couple who planned a clandestine luncheon for a young bride and groom who were expected for a honeymoon. This highly original complication is made more complicated by the introduction of the bride's doting papa and the clandestine, married lady's prying sister-in-law looking for evidence on which her brother may secure a divorce. Miss Hilda Spong has a fairly good part as the wife who appears guilty, but isn't, and is afterwards, in some hazy way peculiar to the English playwright with a difficult third act on his hands, proved innocent.

The piece is called a comedy on the programme and by grace of Mr. Daniel Frohman's excellent company may pass for that. The same material in the hands of a competent French writer might have made a farce of the kind produced by the Syndicate and in which neither Mr. Asa Bird Gardiner nor the yellow press see any indecency.



LIFE this week omits the list distinguishing the plays that are clean from those that are not. The changes in bill at several theatres make it seem possible at present writing that during the week including the date of this issue of LIFE the New York stage may be free from plays that are unseemly. This is an unusual state of affairs whose continuance is devoutly to be wished. But we still have with us the Theatrical Syndicate waiting till the clouds roll by.

Metcalfe.

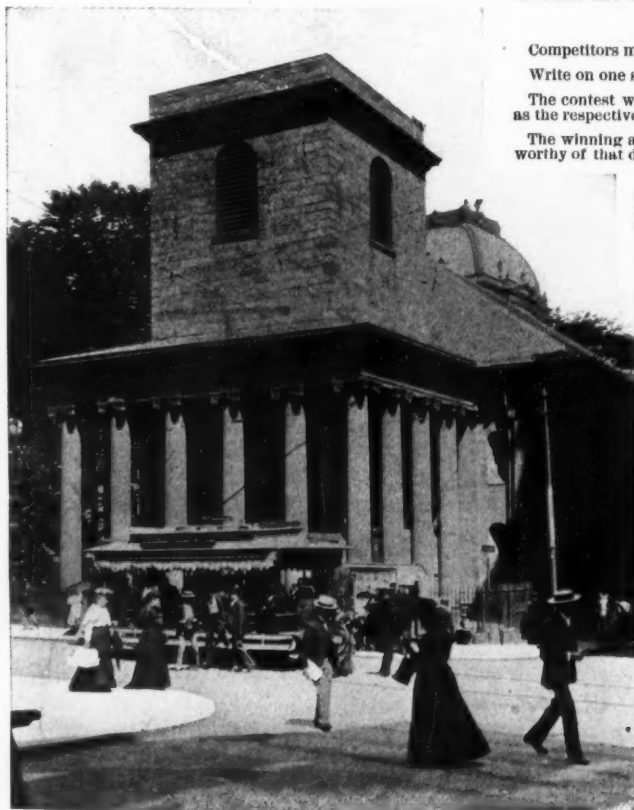


THEN THE CARRION BUZZARD SHARES HIS PROFITS WITH THE MANAGEMENT, WHO IS THE KING BUZZARD.

From Experience.

PARKE: They say a horse has every disease that a human being has. Do you believe it?

JANE: I know it. I bought one from a friend recently.



STREET IN THE ATHENS OF AMERICA.
SHOWING TEMPLE IN WHICH BOSTONIANS MEET FOR SELF-WORSHIP.



AND THE KING BUZZARD, WHO IS THE MANAGER, EXPLAINS THAT HE IS TRYING HIS BEST TO PREVENT IT.

The Meanest City in the United States.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WHICH is the meanest city in the United States?

This is an important question, and one that LIFE would like to have definitely settled. With that object in view, we offer

A Prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold

for the best statement of facts which prove that any particular city is the meanest one in this country.

Conditions.

Competitors must limit their arguments to three hundred words each.

Write on one side of the paper only.

The contest will close May 1st, 1900, and the award will be made as soon thereafter as the respective merits of the arguments can be determined.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that distinguished honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without the permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the arguments.

BOSTON.

To appreciate just how mean Boston is, is a hard matter.

No one who has the good sense and discrimination has ever remained long enough in Boston to find out; and the inhabitants who ought to know are so filled with their own conceit that they don't know the place is mean. A mean man never knows his own meanness.

Homer is still rampant in Boston. The old gentleman sleeps at night on the Common, eats his morning pie in the Parker House cafe, and watches the trains, on the lookout for Henry James. When that great man comes to town and gives him a passing nod, Homer is not himself for a week. He drinks hard cider and has a high old time in honor of the event.

Boston was born in an east wind, nurtured on codfish balls and beans, and is now living on a diet of Ibsen and Ipecac.

Boston can digest anything. Sewer Pipe Hearst, Dick Le Galliene and J. Zangwill once went to Boston, in a party, and they were assimilated in twenty-four hours.

Boston is the home of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, those brave men who have fought for drinks in every bar room in the world, and whose restaurant exploits may never be told in fitting language enough. There is no place in the world—except Boston—where a man has to kiss his best girl by dictionary, and make love generally by the dim light of an encyclopedia.

No congregation of old women in these whole United States of America could get together and organize a literary club any better



The Lion: OH! THESE PHILADELPHIA PEOPLE ARE NOT SO SLOW.

than the Boston men can. The streets of Boston are made up of oblique and isosceles triangles arranged gracefully in tasteful isogons and trimmed on the side with statues covered in the day time to avoid being seen.

The question is, Will Boston ever outgrow its meanness? I think not. It is too near Boston.

Tom Tupper.

PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia is the meanest city in the United States. Its water supply is criminal. The number of deaths from typhoid—the result of impure water—is appalling. The color of the water varies from a chocolate to the tint of the coffee you get at a 50c. table d'hôte dinner. This condition has existed for several years and no one seems to care.

Philadelphia has no more fire engines to-day than it had twenty-nine years ago, notwithstanding a great increase in area and population. Manhattan Island, which could be lost in Philadelphia's area, has seventy good engines; Philadelphia, as in 1871, has forty-seven engines of varying vintages.

Philadelphia permits a gas company to charge one hundred and fifty per cent. interest on a gas bill if it is not paid within three days after presentation, and guarantees to the company that it shall have no competitor in business.

Philadelphia permits a street railway company—the only one in the city—to charge three cents for every transfer. No transfer is free.

Philadelphia will not permit a public roof garden in summer.

Philadelphia gives to a private corporation the use of a part of the people's land for a private Zoo, and permits that corporation to charge 25 cents admission.

Philadelphia will not permit a baker to sell bread on Sunday.

Philadelphia in summer is stifling hot; in the city there is no recreation but a trolley ride, or a boat ride on a stuffy, dirty river, or a walk in the park.

Philadelphians are stingy. They promised the Republican National Committee \$100,000 for the convention, and now the funny little Mayor is begging and begging and begging for the money by contributions.

Philadelphians haven't the spunk of mice; its newspaper press is pitiable—how I would love to leave Philadelphia!

Stub Pen.

A Necessity.

“WHY did Springer leave the *Journal*?”
“He wanted to become a journalist.”



By Francis Wilson.

WHEN Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth joined forces and went starring together, the financial success of the venture was largely due to the fact that the usual prices of admission were practically doubled. When Mr. Barrett next went out by himself, he thought it would be a derogation from his well-known dignity to abate the prices from the figures he had attained while associated with Mr. Booth.

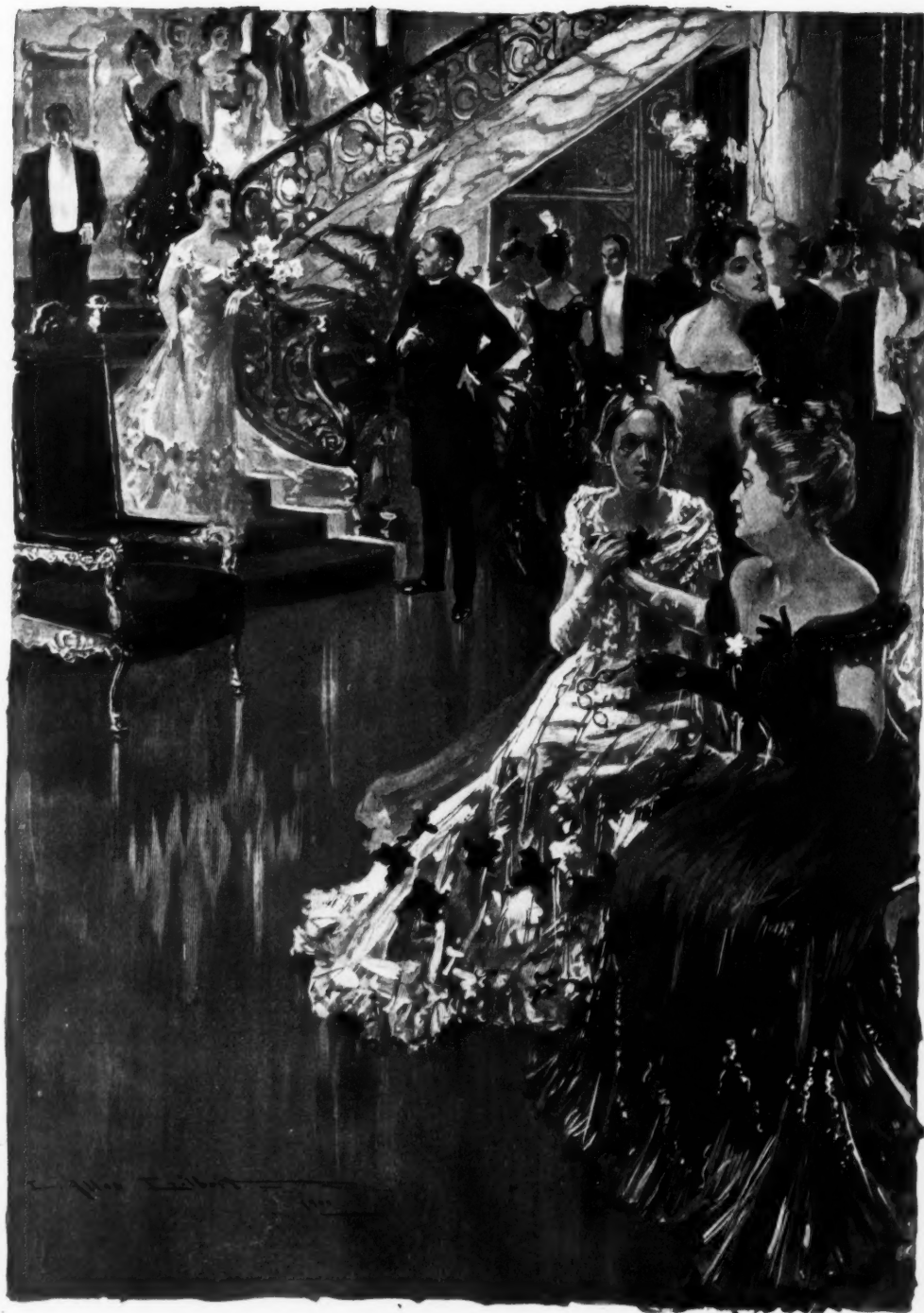
His first appearance on the new basis was in New Britain, Connecticut. The play was “Julius Caesar,” with Mr. Barrett in his celebrated performance of *Cassius*. Sundry rumors came to his ears that a good many of the inhabitants of New Britain had declared they would see

themselves “darned first” before they would give up two dollars to see any one-dollar show, and Mr. Barrett was therefore a bit dubious about the success of his experiment. After the curtain went up, though, he noticed that the house was more than half full, which, at double prices, meant that it held more than the usual amount of money. Mr. Barrett was somewhat elated, and inclined to be gracious to those whose station in life was not so exalted as his own. Therefore when word was passed to him, through several underlings, that the manager of the New Britain theatre craved a few moments' audience, Mr. Barrett was pleased to accord the boon. It must be understood that a New Britain manager

is not a be-diamonded creature like those of the larger cities, but that among his duties were included the care of the furnace and similar functions.

Mr. Barrett was prepared to be congratulated on the success of his appearance, and received the manager on the stage, attired in *Cassius*'s best toga and seated in the finest curule chair the production afforded. The manager approached without removing his hat, and in very plain tones said: “Mr. Barrett, I wish that after the next act you'd go in front of the curtain and tell the folks that next week's show is ‘The Rag Baby,’ and that it's real funny.”

Mr. Barrett did not make the requested announcement.



Aunt Abigail: MRS. MASHIE? OH, SURELY NOT! SHE IS AN AWFULLY GOOD WOMAN; SO DEVOUT
Miss Tissot: BUT SHE FLIRTS OUTRAGEOUSLY.
"YES; BUT ONLY WITH THE CLERGY, YOU KNOW."



THERE was once a Kid with a Freckled Nose whose most interesting characteristic was his Genius for being continually up against it. If he went off for an Innocent Smoke behind the Barn Loaded Cigars were his Predestined Fate. Did he put a Crooked Pin in the Parson's chair at dinner his Parent, a Long Man of a Strenuous Nature, was sure to sit on it, and the Nap that he would wear off Willie's Check Pants was a Plenty. This, by the way, was a Favorite Pastime of the Strenuous Parent, and the Skill he acquired in manipulating a Club and scoring Hits, would have won him an Easy Thousand on the Brooklyn.

But even the worm will introduce a Reflex Movement and Willie began to lose Beauty Sleep pondering some Come Back on the Old Gent. At last a Gilt Edged Game permeated the Red Thatch of his Cranium and he saw his way clear to passing Dad the Merry Gee-Hee.

Sunday Morn found the Freckled Kid scrutinizing the Hay Fields. But by Church time he had washed his Knuckles, and gotten into his Celluloid Choker and stood Ready with the Golden Text cribbed on his Cuff. The way Butter would have liquidated in that Kid's Mouth would have scared a Churn. But Papa's Olfactory Nerves were entirely insensible to the Presence of a Rodent, so he pushed the Freckled Kid into the Pew, followed him up with a Mother in a New Bonnet, took his place last and began to do the High Minded Pillar of the Church down to the Ground.

The Strenuous Parent had his little Fallings, and Cloves, a Habit acquired in Early Life, was one of them. It was the Custom of his Wor-

shipping Spouse to pass him the Said Cloves, from Time to Time, and he would bite off their Heads and throw the Stems into the Aisle. The Worshipping Spouse was rather Absent Minded, and this Morning was near Plum Daffy rubbering at the Yaller Bunnet of that Cross Eyed Skinner Girl's.

This is where Young Willie pulled the Bell. Taking unobtrusively from his Pocket a Pill Box he quietly abstracted an Insect of the Species Grasshopper and passed it to Thoughtless Mama. So far it was a Spinach. Mama still doing the Gutta-Percha slipped the Hopper-Grass to the High Minded Pillar.

The Pillar was Figuring how he could do Deakin Sapper out of a Black Hog, so the Plot Went, and abstractedly biting off the Insect's head, he dropped the Rest into the Aisle.

Willie says he never did like Sitting Down much, anyhow.

Moral: The Only Way to cure Freckles is Suicide.—Yale Record.

THE following story is told of Colonel B. W. Wrenn, manager of the traffic department of the big Plant system, by a well-known newspaper man of New Orleans: "Some years ago I was broke in New York," he says, "and hearing that B. W. Wrenn, passenger-traffic manager of the Plant system, was in town, I called on him and asked for a pass to Jacksonville. Wrenn didn't know me from Adam, and he very properly turned me down. However, I had to have that pass, so I kept on tackling him, each time presenting some new reason why the road should carry me to Jacksonville.

The last time I called, the clerk wouldn't let me in, and handed me one of my cards, on which Colonel Wrenn had written: 'Keep this fellow out. If he bothers me any more I'll go crazy.' That gave me an idea, and I made a bee-line for Mr. Plant's private office. 'Mr. Plant,' I said, 'I want a pass to Jacksonville, Fla.' The old gentleman looked at me in amazement. 'On what grounds?' he asked. 'In exchange for treating Colonel Wrenn for threatened mental trouble,' I replied. Mr. Plant's face clouded. 'What kind of a game is this, sir?' he demanded, sternly; 'Colonel Wrenn is perfectly sane, sir, and I won't permit—' 'Pardon me,' I interrupted, 'but Colonel Wrenn is at this moment apprehensive of lunacy, and believes firmly that it rests entirely with me to avert the attack. I have his written statement to that effect in my pocket.' 'Let me see it!' Mr. Plant fairly shrieked. I handed him the card and got ready to run. As he read the inscription his face relaxed. His piercing gray eyes began to twinkle. Finally, he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter. 'Here Mr. Smith,' he called to a clerk, 'give this young man transportation to Jacksonville, and charge it to medical treatment for Colonel Wrenn.'—Argonaut.

"How much did you get to-day?" said the manager.

"Something like ten dollars," replied the collector, handing over the bill. And the former, when he noticed it was a counterfeit, admitted that it was very much like ten dollars.—Jenny City Farmer.

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Transparent as crystal. The perfect
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purity, as well as the refined and deli-
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When you buy your first six bottles your druggist will make you a present of a lovely Artotype, entitled, "Baby's First Adventure." This fine picture cannot be bought at art stores nor obtained in any other way than that plainly outlined here.

Picture Certificate

The undersigned agrees to give the bearer of this certificate one copy, 13x17, of the Artotype in fifteen colors, reproducing "Baby's First Adventure," when each of the numbers hereon has been canceled upon the purchase of a bottle of The "Best" Tonic.

Druggist's Signature

The Druggist can cancel each one of these spaces

1 2

by private initial, date, or mark. Each space

3 4

represents one bottle of THE "BEST" TONIC sold

5 6

the bearer of the certificate for 25 cents.

To The Public: Most druggists sell The "Best" Tonic. If yours does not, send us \$1.50 for a half dozen bottles and one picture, or \$2.50 for one dozen bottles and two pictures. Express charges fully prepaid. Address, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

PHOTOS Models from Life, Beauties, Stereoscopes, etc. List with 100 miniature and 2 cabinet size photos, #1; note or stamps.
S. RECKNAGEL NACHF, Munich, 1 Brieffach, Germany.

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BOTTLED IN BOND DIRECT FROM THE BARREL.

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The Southern Railway operates a perfect daily train service with through sleepers and dining cars between New York and the Southern resorts. Information and literature may be had at 271 or 1185 Broadway, New York, ticket offices of the Southern Railway, or of A. S. Thweatt, E. P. A.

It's strange, but since the world began
Men look yet seldom learn.
They laugh whenever a Fool goes by,
And then are Fools in turn. —Punchbowl.

OSCAR'S SAUCE.

TRAVELERS on the luxurious trains of the Pennsylvania and New York Central systems will find *Oscar's Sauce* (as served at the Waldorf-Astoria) an added consideration for enjoyment of the dining-car service. Visitors to the Waldorf-Astoria can take or send home to family or friends no greater a delicacy than a jar of Oscar's Sauce, prepared by Oscar of the Waldorf-Astoria.

"PARIS is a disgraceful city."

"Yes, even now she's going to make an exhibition of herself."—*Yale Record*.

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OLD Wedd—You can't always choose the lesser of the two evils.

New Wedd—How so?

Old Wedd—Why, take the case of twins. —Punchbowl.

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Qualities to infants are contained in every can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "It saved the baby's life" is the message received from thousands of mothers. Eagle stands first.

MAUD—Well, I won't go riding again with Burt in his automobile.

Grace—Why, did he try to kiss you?

Maud—No. He has to keep one hand on the brake and the other on the lever all the time.—*Michigan Wrinkle*.

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All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"HA, ha!" he cried, with a bitter sneer, as he suddenly revealed himself to the beautiful girl, "I have found you out at last."

"No," she remarked, calmly; "but you will the next time you call."—*Cleveland Gospel Review*.

A BOTTLE of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone.

"POP, what's the difference between a cat and a match?"

"What, son?"

"Cinch, Pop, one lights on its feet and the other always lights on its head."—Punchbowl.

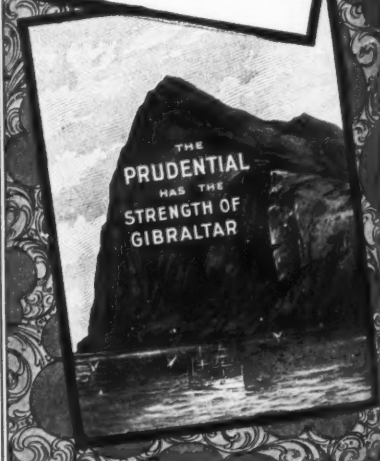
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She: Oh, you should take no notice of those people; they simply repeat what they hear other people say.—Moonshine.

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it isn't
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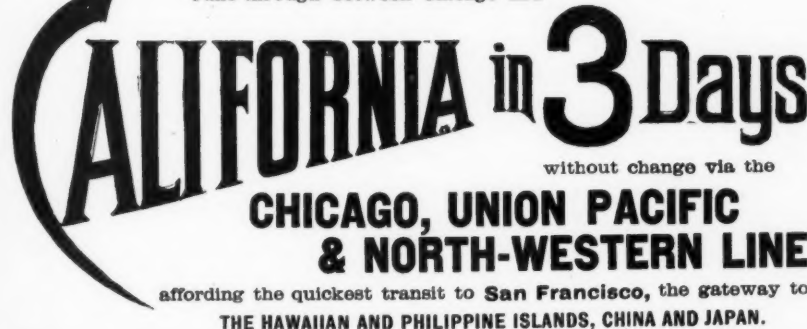
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1900 = 36th = 1900 Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863 (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS.	
Real Estate,	\$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,981,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175.51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,306,307.27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997.04
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies,	250,449.36
Government Bonds,	789,016.96
County and municipal bonds,	3,114,997.64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks,	1,258,674.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,288,350.00

Total Assets, - \$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 3½ per cent., Life Department,	\$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dept.,	1,500,369.22
Present value Installment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00

Total Liabilities, - \$23,789,827.61

Excess Security to Policy-holders, - \$4,020,683.95

Surplus, - \$3,020,683.95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force,	\$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value,	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	16,659,580.95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15,886
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,616
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	\$ 1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864 -	23,695,539.94

Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	\$ 2,750,394.40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	39,734,920.89

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE.

It has more Imitations
than any other brand
ever produced.

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"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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C. I. V.

First City Man : TA, TA ! OLD FELLOW.

Second Ditto : SO LONG ! SEE YOU IN THE TRANSVAAL !—Fun.

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To brace up, wake up the stomach to its duty, nothing equals EVANS' ALE. Pure, Clear and Sparkling.

Noon

Luncheon without EVANS' ALE is like salad without the dressing.

Night

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Evans' Ale

Arnold Constable & Co. Lyons Silks.

Rich Fancy Crêpes, Chené and Bordered Taffetas.

Novelties Spring 1900
Printed Foulard Robes

Cachemir and Fancy Squares for W
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Novelties for Bridesmaids' Dresses

Broadway & 19th St.

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SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.



"The mildness of sweetness,
a quality their exclusive own."

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POMMERY

whose wine is the acknowledged standard for Champagne quality and enjoys universal approval

THE WORLD OVER

Although Pommery commands a higher price at wholesale, it is retailed (by the bottle) at the same price as other wines. Therefore, prices being equal,

WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?